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or Dorian Gray

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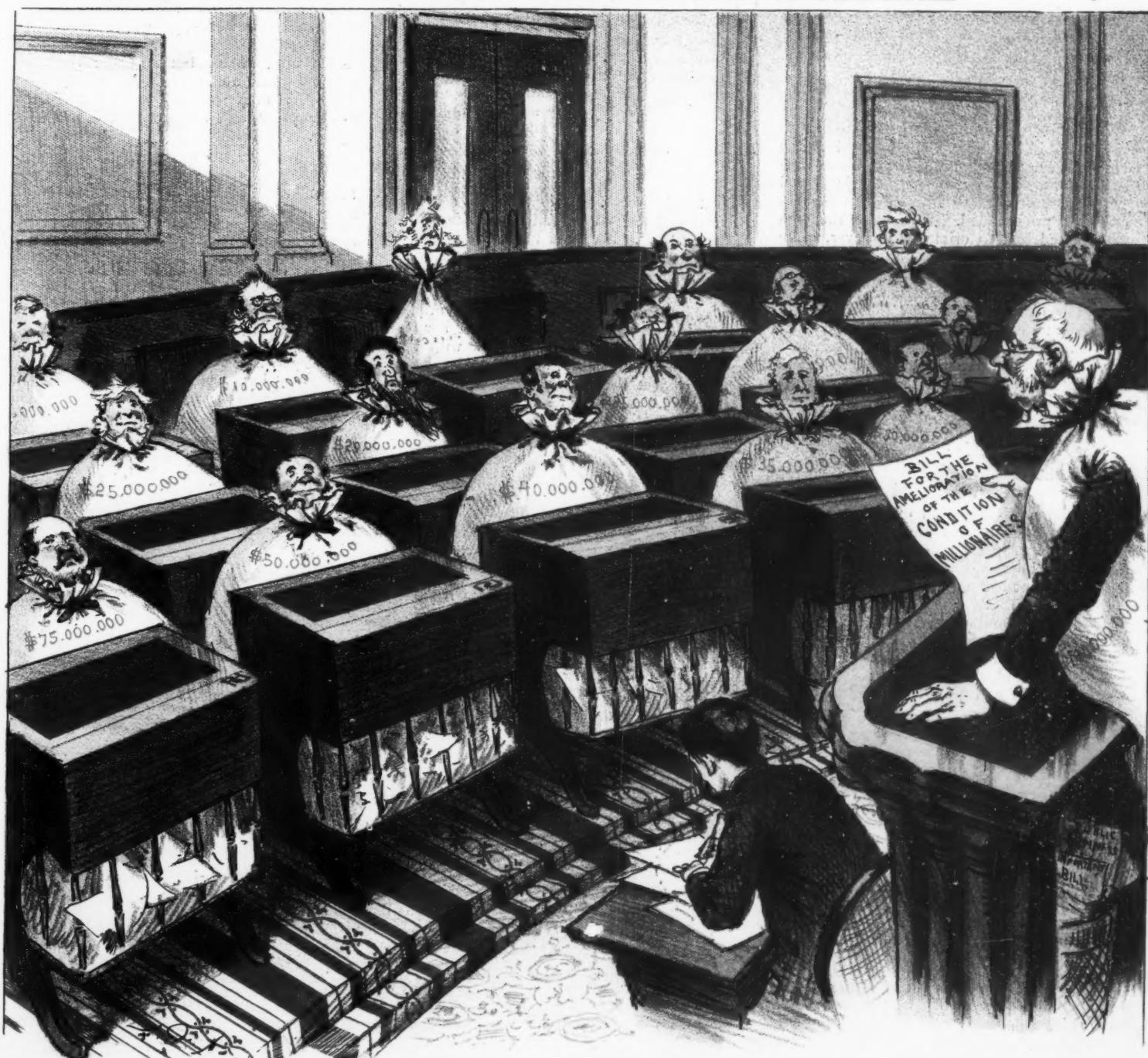


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EDITOR H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT is comparatively easy to convict a common criminal like Jaehne. He is tried in the ordinary way, proved guilty by ordinary witnesses, condemned by an ordinary jury, and packed promptly off to Sing Sing as soon as sentence is pronounced. To convict the men who tempted him to crime is, however, quite another matter. Here justice has to deal with extraordinary criminals. They are men of superior intelligence and experience; they have done their dishonest work by the agency of practised intermediaries; they are shrewd, audacious, shifty; they will stick at nothing, and they have millions to spend, legitimately and illegitimately, in fighting the law. Only through some piece of gross carelessness or negligence on his own part does one of these men lay himself open to discovery. The prosecuting officer has a hard task before him when he undertakes to punish the wealthy briber.

* * *

But suppose that instead of men with millions, each one of them possessed of a little local influence, perhaps, but with no great organized following in the community, he had to deal with men whose fortunes ran into the hundreds of millions, whose adherents were to be counted by thousands, whose schemes were conceived upon a gigantic scale, and carried out with the aid of willing accomplices beyond number. Would not his task be infinitely harder yet? Would it not be well-nigh impossible?

* * *

Such is the security from punishment which is enjoyed by the hundred-times-millionaire banker or business-man who buys his way into a legislative body. He has committed a crime — a thousand crimes — against the laws of the land. He has bought voters and suborned inspectors of election, who give false witness in his favor, at the risk of going to jail themselves. But he is generally able to take his seat with a comfortable assurance that he will not be turned out of it. Certainly, he knows, he will never be punished. His guilt is known to a moral certainty; but who can prove it? He can afford to laugh at the outcry of the helpless people. He is safe, and he may make laws for them as he sees fit.

PUCK.

Nor can he see that he is doing any wrong. Of course, he will run through a scheme or two of his own, and perhaps one or two more to oblige the friends who have obliged him. Perhaps these schemes might be called "jobs" by the censorious. But it will all go to the increase of the country's prosperity, and the advancement of business interests in general, so where's the harm? And as for what he has already done—why, he has bribed a few hundred voters, or a few dozen Assemblymen—but these wretches were vicious before he did anything to corrupt them. Their souls were lost before he came around with his temptation. What difference did it make if they committed one crime more, when crime was their regular business? And if he has any faint qualms of conscience, there is an easy salve at hand in good resolutions. On measures in which neither he nor his allies may be personally interested, he can afford himself the luxury of voting according to his convictions. So, after all, nobody loses much, except his business rivals, and there is no harm done.

* * *

He has no idea whatever—let us say this much for him—of the mischief he is really doing, or of its magnitude. He does not dream how much of the country's misery lies at his door. Yet it is the influence of his example that more than any one thing else, tends to corrupt the humbler sinner. If a man may buy his seat in the Senate of the United States, and not only escape punishment, but retain his place in society, why may not Jaehne sell his vote as an alderman? Is there one justice for the rich and another for the man of small means?

* * *

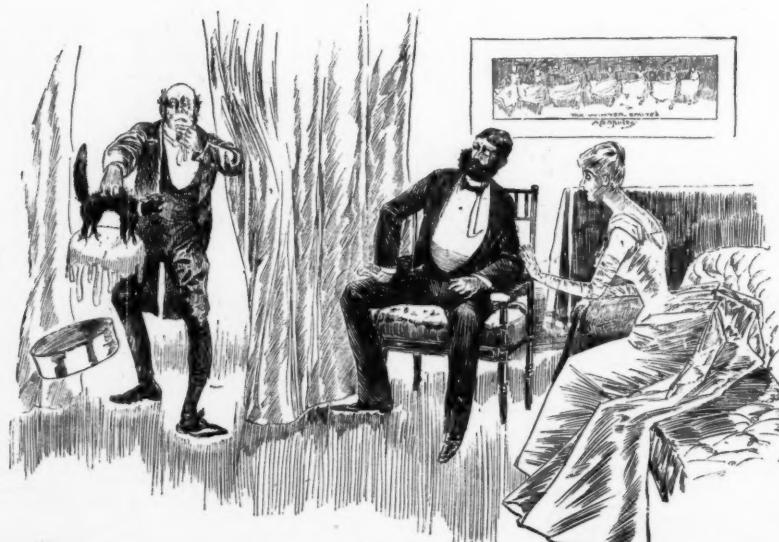
But this is not all. That question is asked of the poor and weary laborer by his arch-tempter, the agitator. See, says the anarchist plotter, the Senator from—Oleo—rich, secure, comfortable, although under the laws of the country he should be in jail. If you stole a five-dollar coat, could you keep out of the penitentiary? Society is treating you unjustly. The law oppresses you—rise, and meet the law with violence. And the laborer, unfortunately, rarely stops to reflect that it is not Society that oppresses him, but Society that is oppressed; that he is only a sufferer among his suffering fellow-citizens in all ranks of life; that indeed, his employer is more sinned against than he is, be-

cause the burden of the millionaire legislator's jobbery falls directly on the tax-payer, and only in part upon the poor. He listens to the voice of the tempter, and begins purposeless strikes and aimless disturbance, visiting upon the whole community the sin of one man. But it will be hard to convince the millionaire seat-buyer that this is all his work.

Poor Dr. McGlynn has a sad position, between Mother Church and Henry George, and the worst of it is that there is no way out of it. From the beginning it has been a very plain question. He has had to choose between staying in the Church and preaching doctrines which he does not believe, and going out of the Church to preach the doctrines that he does believe—and preaching them without the influence and authority of the Church. Which choice soever he may make, his case is hard. To remain a priest and preach or be silent against the dictates of his conscience must be a misery to an honest enthusiast—which we take Dr. McGlynn to be. To leave the Church and follow Henry George is only to martyr himself for another enthusiast, far less sincere than himself, and to preach what is nothing but a crude, half-thought-out scheme of socialism. If he elects the latter course, he must ultimately, in the natural course of things, go where men of the creed he professes belong—among the followers of Karl Marx. If he is honest, that is the place for him. And a sadder, more uncongenial place for a man who has been for years a Catholic priest, and a good one, we can not imagine.

STOP that cough with a copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK; if you have n't got a cough, take it to make you fat. The champion skeleton in a dime museum on the Bowery recently read a copy through, and gained so much flesh that the proprietor of the museum canceled his engagement. Then the ex-skeleton sent for the First and Second Crops, which are still selling like hot cakes, and compelling us to run the presses all night to supply the demand. After he had read them through, he gained so much in flesh that the dime museum that had discharged him as a skeleton offered him double the skeleton's rates to show as a champion fat man. All the Three Crops are successful. Frost has no more effect on them than holy water on a Socialist. Get the Three Crops for luck, and you will never regret it. Now is the accepted time to send in your shekel order. Price, twenty-five cents, of all news-dealers. By mail, thirty cents, or all Three Crops to one address for seventy-five cents.

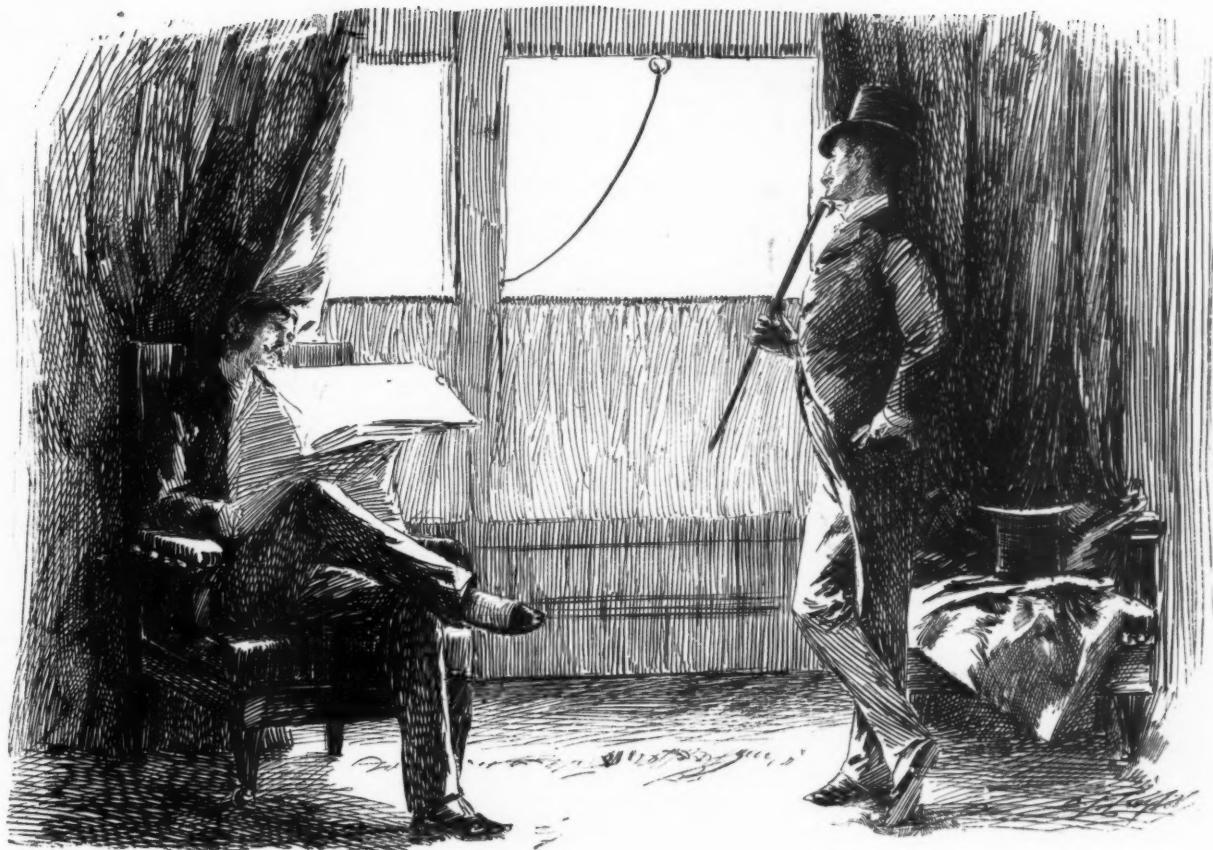
IT WAS THE CAT.



MISS TEN EYCK VANDERWATER has been entertaining COUNT VON TOLSKI, of the Russian Legation, and has arranged an old-fashioned candy-pull to initiate him into the homey pastimes of her ancestors.

THE BUTLER (appearing suddenly, and not seeing his mistress).—Av it don't pull th' claws out of him, I t'ink I can chop him out wid th' axe, and divil th' bit wiser th' nobs'll be.

IN A CLUB WINDOW.



(It has remained for the Knights of Modern Civilization to accord to woman the most perfect and manly deference.—ANON.)

GUS (a society swell).—Big crowd women out.

JACK (another society swell).—Ya-as. Fine day.

GUS.—There goes Bullock carriage.

JACK.—Calves inside?

GUS.—Ya-as; old cow, too.

JACK.—Dined there last night.

GUS.—How's fodder.

JACK.—Beastly.

GUS.—Drink?

JACK.—Worse.

GUS.—Gad, imposh'n t'ask man!

JACK.—Cruet claret, syrup-jug champagne.

GUS.—Humph! Skip cattle dinners!

JACK.—Wh's that girl?

GUS.—Howard.

JACK.—Know her?

GUS.—Ya-as; just out.

JACK.—Bread-and-butter?

GUS.—Ya-as; blushes and that sort o' thing.

JACK.—Looks like it.

GUS.—Ya-as. There comes precious pair two-year olds.

JACK.—Ya-as; they're running neck and neck for de Lucre purse.

GUS.—Go you a hundred on the off horse.

JACK.—Done. T' other's got best wind.

GUS.—See Young Milliken. Neck muffled like jockey.

JACK.—Guess Prince Wales got sore throat.

GUS.—Awful cad.

JACK.—Beastly.

GUS.—There's Mrs. Marriedbelle.

JACK.—Looks cross.

GUS.—Because she's only got two men with her.

JACK.—P'raps found 'nother crowfoot.

GUS.—She's most out th' running.

JACK.—Ya-as, ought t' be withdrawn.

GUS.— } Little Pasquale!

JACK.— She's no end of sport.

JACK.—Ya-as; gave her supper last week. Lots fun.

GUS.—Dessay. She's thoroughbred.

JACK.—Devilish pretty.

GUS.—Ya-as, devilish expensive, too.

JACK.—Don't eat more'n Fifth Avenue girl at Del's.

GUS.—No, but goes in for substantials afterwards—gloves, bracelets, and that stuff.

JACK.—Other girl wants bouquets and bonbons—cost 'bout th' same. Pasquale more fun.

GUS.—Oh, ya-as, lots.

JACK.—There's woman ought t' stay in th' house till spring.

GUS.—Who? Mrs. Cedarhurst?

JACK.—Ya-as, nose always blue in winter.

GUS.—She'd say t'was her blue blood.

JACK.—Haw—haw—must tell that t' fellows.

GUS.—Down at their place last week.

JACK.—Sport?

GUS.—No, bare.

JACK.—Town's good 'nough for me.

GUS.—There's the heiress.

JACK.—Ya-as, walks like a duck.

GUS.—Y' ought t' go in for her.

JACK.—Thanks, never did admire the antique.

GUS.—Haw—haw—must tell that t' fellows.

JACK.—There's the Dowager.

GUS.—Nice old party if her upper teeth fitted better.

JACK.—Heard awful funny story 'bout that this morn'n.

GUS.—Get it off.

JACK.—Why, she went t' sleep last night at th' opera.

GUS.—Don't blame her.

JACK.—Ya-as, but Langdon went into her box, and woke her up too suddenly.

GUS.—What'd she do?

JACK.—Dropped her uppers.

GUS.—Haw—haw—haw—best ever heard.

JACK.—Langdon picked 'em up—

GUS.—Haw—haw—haw—

JACK.—Handed 'em back—

GUS.—Haw—haw—haw—

JACK.—And left.

GUS.—Haw—haw—haw.

JACK.—Haw—haw—haw.

GUS.—Haw—haw—haw.

JACK.—Fellows thought he ought to have put 'em in.

GUS.—Best thing yet. Haw—haw—haw—I dine there to-night.

JACK.—Ya-as, her *chef* is better'n her dentist.

GUS.—I'll ask her how she enjoyed th' opera.

JACK.—Do, good joke.

GUS.—Show at dinner anywhere?

JACK.—Ya-as, Mrs. de Tompkins.

GUS.—Ugh! grilled bones.

JACK.—Ya-as, she's thin; always *décolleté*, too.

GUS.—Of course.

JACK.—Terrapin's good, though.

GUS.—Heard she took too much punch at th' Jerningham reception.

JACK.—Should n't wonder.

GUS.—Had to run for her carriage.

JACK.—Ya-as.

GUS.—Coachman helped her in own door.

JACK.—Gad, must tell that t' Bronson.

GUS.—Ya-as, he's rather gone there.

JACK.—Come down and have a ball o' biters, and we'll see him.

PHILIP H. WELCH.



[GEORGE, having invited GLADYS to drive with him, goes in search of a CUTTER and a PRANCING STEED to Snaffle & Curb's. Entering stable-office, he finds several horsey-looking persons in close converse, amid an atmosphere composed of equal parts of harness-oil, tobacco-smoke and ammonia. To them—]

GEORGE.—Beg pardon, but is this—

FIRST HORSEY PERSON.—Jim's sold that bright bay mare, that—

SECOND DITTO.—What, Ike's? Made a half in 1.10 and a quarter in—

THIRD DITTO.—Naw! It's Harry's old spavined plug, with a sand-crack on his—

GEORGE.—I say!

FIRST H. P.—Well, young feller, what is it? [The trio cease talking and critically examine GEORGE.]

GEORGE (slightly confused).—I—I—want to get a horse and sleigh, if you please, to go out to—

FIRST H. P.—Now? Yes? Hi, there, Mike, hitch up Sukey S.! [HOSTLER leads out PRANCING STEED, which appears reluctant and depressed in spirits. GEORGE, assuming air of an old jockey, scans STEED knowingly, in the attempt to conceal his nervousness.]

GEORGE.—She looks rather tired, does n't she?

HOSTLER (contemptuously).—Toired? Frish as paint, an' brought as a dollar! Yez ain't much used to hosses, are yez, sorr?

GEORGE (blushing).—No—yes

—well, that is—[HOSTLERS grin

—HORSEY PARTIES sneer—and GEORGE witts. Harnessing continues amid growls of: "Hold up yer head!" "Fourth hole!" "Stan' still, thar, whatjer doin'?" etc., etc.]

GEORGE (struck by a sudden thought).—How—how much will it be for—

FIRST H. P.—Two dols' n' our? Any part of n' our, same!

GEORGE.—Good gracious!

HOSTLER.—Now, thin, sorr, all riddy! [HORSEY PERSONS, reinforced by several LOAFERS, gather to witness departure, thereby still further discomposing GEORGE, who scrambles into CUTTER, bruising his shin.]

HOSTLER (grinning).—Here's yer reins, sorr! Off she goes!

GEORGE (faintly).—Get up!

[STEED prances sideways.]

GEORGE (jerking reins).—Get up, will you? [STEED prances the other way.]

HORSEY PERSONS, HOSTLERS AND LOAFERS.—Hi, wot's der matter wid yer? Let 'er 'ave 'er 'ed! I say, 'Arry, 'e ought t' v's noorse with 'im. Ye'll smash the shafts! Lead her out, Mike; he'll be into the wall next. [The turnout is conducted into the street, and departs (headed the wrong way), followed by jeers, sarcasms and curses from personages aforesaid.]

[SCENE.—Sweet Briar Street. Enter GEORGE, red and perspiring from rough encounters with various drivers met on the way. CUTTER considerably scratched. PRANCING STEED likewise, and thoroughly worked up, besides. They reach GLADYS' number, and stop with much difficulty.]

GEORGE.—Whoa, there, whoa, whoa! I never saw such a horse. Whoa! Now, what on earth am I going to do? I can't see a soul to speak to; and if I get out, this confounded brute will run away. Whoa, there! [Waits ten minutes.] Come, this won't do! An hour gone already, and I have n't got started yet. [Enter BOV.]

GEORGE.—Hullo, sonny, just run up and ring that bell, will you?

BOV (speculatively).—What'll yer give?

GEORGE.—Ten cents.

BOV (having grasped the situation).—Half-a-dollar.

GEORGE.—Why, you little rascal, no!

BOV (calmly).—All right. P'raps yer'll give it after awhile. [BOV sits down on curb and is confidently silent. Another ten minutes pass, during which GEORGE often and vainly tries to get out.]

GEORGE (worn out).—Yes, take your half-dollar!

BOV.—Not much. Must have seventy-five, now, to pay me for waitin'. [Takes it, goes up and rings. After five minutes more delay, SERVANT appears.]

SERVANT (to BOY).—No, we don't want nothin'—no pencils, no matches, no buttons—(seeing GEORGE)—beg pardon, sir. Miss Gladys? Very well, sir. [Disappears for ten minutes.]

SERVANT (returning).—Miss Gladys says she'll be down directly, sir. Dressing, sir.

[Half an hour passes.]

GEORGE.—Heavens and earth! [Makes desperate effort, and manages to ring bell. Usual wait. Servant again appears.]

SERVANT.—Miss Gladys ready? Will see, sir. [Is gone fifteen minutes.] She'll be ready in just a second, sir.

[Half an hour more passes. Enter ONE OF THE FINEST.]

ONE OF THE FINEST.—Look here, you've had your team standing in front of this house more than two hours! Move on, or I'll have to—

GEORGE.—Sh! [Gives O. O. T. F. a dollar.]

ONE OF THE FINEST.—All right, sir—much obliged. Guess I made a mistake. [Exit.]

[At the end of fifteen minutes more, appears, from door, GLADYS, fascinating in her grace, beauty, and new sealskin sacque.]

GLADYS (staccato e con molto espressione).—Oh, I hope I have n't kept you waiting—but, then, I had to dress, you know! What a beautiful horse! And such a dear little sleigh! Oh, I know we shall have a delightful drive—shan't we?

GEORGE (forgetting his sufferings).—Why, certainly—I shall, at any rate. Allow me to assist—

GLADYS (stopping suddenly).—What's that? I'm positive I felt something on my face. It's—

GEORGE.—It can't be—

GLADYS.—Yes, it is—

BOTH.—Raining!

GLADYS.—Goodness—is n't this just too provoking for anything? I thought we were going to have a nice drive, and now, of course, we can't go!

GEORGE (de profundis).—No, we can't!

GLADYS.—Why, it's beginning to actually pour! This sacque! And you will get perfectly drenched if you stay here. So sorry! Well, good-bye!

GEORGE (sadly, gloomily, ferociously, moodily, regretfully and despairingly).—Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!

[AT STABLE.]

PROPRIETOR.—Well, you've got back, have you? Jerusalem!—look at that varnish! And these robes are wetter 'n drowned rats!

MIKE.—Say, boss, the mare's barked her off-knee. It's bladin' terrible.

PROPRIETOR.—So she has; and ain't that a scratch on 'er ock? Yes, sure 'nough! Where 'v y' been, sir?

GEORGE (in bitterness of spirit).—I have n't been anywhere!

GEORGE IN ACCOUNT WITH BAD LUCK.

Hire of Cutter and Steed, at \$2 per hour, for 3½ hours, reckoned as 4,	\$8.00
Damage to Cutter	5.00
" " Steed	10.00
" " Robes	2.00
Paid Boy75
" " Policeman	1.00
Blocking Hat	2.00
Doctoring for Influenza	5.00
	\$33.75



MANLEY H. PIKE.



ON MURPHY'S HORSE.

AN Irishman, both fresh and green,
His Sunday walk was taking,
When he observed a maid serene
White ashes lightly shaking.

"Why shake you ashes, pretty maid,
On days so cold and nipping?"
"I sprinkle them, good sir," she said:
"To keep good folks from slipping."

The Irishman then smiled most sweet:
"Your story on me forces
This thought: what keeps men on their feet,
The same should do for horses."

And, then, instead of oats and corn,
And sundry kinds of mashes,
He fed his truck-horse night and morn
A bucketful of ashes.

The wretched steed then wildly sneezed,
And jumped and madly snorted,
Stood on his hinder legs, and wheezed,
And furiously cavitated.

"Oh, never now," his owner said:
"On busy days of shipping,
Upon the truck I'll sit, and dread
My quadruped a-slipping."

The first day after, while he sat
Upon his truck as solemn
As any owl, his horse fell flat
And broke his spinal column.

The tale is told, the horse is dead,
And sold for soap and coral,
And for the fable, be it said,
There is n't any moral.

R. K. M.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE LUNCH COUNTER.

"IT is not the length of a friendship that counts; it is the thickness." This struck me, as most of my sayings do, as being uncommonly neat; so I sprung it on the company *à propos* of nothing in particular at the first pause.

Everybody stopped eating and looked at me, as I had hoped they would; but the Young Man they call Bill, said in a loud and, as it seemed to me, disrespectful voice:

"Rats."

"Sir," said I: "I am gratified with your remark. Independently considered, it lacks point and pertinence; but it gives me just the opportunity to monopolize the conversation that I have been laying pipes for."

"Such words are the bludgeons of repartee. They have neither point, nor edge, nor brightness. They require neither skill in handling, nor strength. Yet with them many a good joke has been knocked on the head."

"The word 'chestnut' is the condensed reproof that intellectual poverty opposes to ostentatious wealth of wit. It is the false measure by which conscious imbecility strives to dwarf the attitude of humorous flight. Chestnuts are—"

"Five cents a quart," said the Old Gentleman opposite.

Everybody laughed at this deliberate degradation of my theme, and some one said:

"Go get a club."

This gave me a fresh start.

"The club is the weapon with which men of leisure kill time."

"My friend, the Professor, says that the word 'club' is the nearest synonym that the language of the great tribe of Bachelors possesses for 'home.' The dominating influence of home

is love; in the Bachelor translation it is self-love.

"The hospitality of a club is co-operative. Every member is not only the guest, but the host of all his fellows. This involves the exercise of so numerous and complicated a list of virtues that—"

Here I discover that I am all alone with my luncheon.

Strange—it never worked this way with Dr. Holmes.

F. E. CHASE.

THE UNSEARCHABLE VOID.

ACROSS and afar and beyond,
Underneath, alongside and on top;
Hither and yon, below and upon,
You may seek, but you'll find no cop.

IT'S ALL IN SHAKSPERE.

HERON-ALLEN HAMLET.—

For men, and ladies, too,
To know what things of joy, or grief may come,
Ere we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us paws.

Will Mr. Heron Allen kindly indicate his views of a euchre-hand, with four sevens and a small trump?

BOSTON PRECOCITY.

A NEW YORK gentleman was standing in front of the Parker House, lazily watching the antics of two small news-boys whose rags made them picturesque. The smaller scamp could not have been seven years old; but his shrewd little face was a study.

A very beautiful, very stylish woman, exceedingly graceful in her bearing, passed, and as such an exquisite woman in Boston is a rare vision, my friend's admiring gaze followed her. A touch on his sleeve drew his attention, and looking down, he met the gleaming eyes of the tiny Arab. The child lisped out, with a wink and a grin:

"I thay, mithter! Why don't you go and mash her? I would!"

IT MAY now be said without violating the truth, that Alfred, Lord Tennyson, occasionally, if not oftener, drops out of poetry.

LIKE THE PLAY of "Hamlet" with *Hamlet* left out would To-boggan be without the girl.

THE RECENT failure of "Adam and Eve" in Paris wasn't a marker compared with the failure they made of themselves some years ago.

THE Utica *Observer* rises to say that it has a compositor who has worked at the case for forty-nine years. His record is equalled only by Myra Clark Gaines's lawyers.

ILLINOIS HAS had such a serious water famine that farmers were obliged to carry water for miles in carts. A place like Hoboken, where a water famine would n't be noticed if it lasted a year, very seldom encounters one.

NOW THAT yellow is to be the fashionable color in London, our young society ladies are eating mince-pies for breakfast with the hope that a dear little attack of jaundice will set in.

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.



Ph. Ferdinand Pell Mell was duck-shooting last week, and informed the man from whom he hired the dog that the animal was no good.

"What's the matter with him?" inquired the owner.

"I fired seven times at a duck," explained Young Mr. Pell Mell: "before I discovered that it was a wooden decoy. Then the dog howled, put his tail between his legs, and ran home. What kind of a dog do you call that?"

"A good dog," he replied, patting the intelligent animal's head.

THE BARBER'S RESOLVE.

I'LL shave this year in silence,
In silence I'll shampoo,
Without a word I'll cut men's hair
And trim their whiskers, too.

I'll force no tonic on him
Who my skilled razor tries;
A model shaver I shall be—
Hurrah for the next that dyes!

THE THERMOMETER OF SECONDARY IMPORTANCE.



"It's bitterly cold," said a husband, with a shiver: "Why don't you button up your fur-lined circular?"

"Because I want it to fly open," replied the lady, placidly.

ALL AROUND TOWN.—I.

MACKERELVILLE.

"THERE'S a registered letter for Katy Mulvaney!"

The letter-carrier shouted it on the steps of Brady's big tenement, near Tompkins Square. The tenants of the house caught up the cry, and passed it up toward the roof. The children in the street echoed it:

"Katy Mulvaney!"

There were nearly a million children on the block, at a rough under-estimate, and from among them came six Katy Mulvaney's, three of them with younger Mulvaney's in their arms. But the postman waved them away. Not one of them was old enough for a registered letter.



Mrs. Mulvaney dwelt on the top floor; but at the moment she was in the basement, getting water for the week's wash. Thence she emerged, wiping her rosy arms, moulded and tinted like twin Westphalia hams, on her broad apron.

"Fwat's to the fore?" she inquired, as she caught the reverberations of her daughter's name.

"There's a registered letter for Katy Mulvaney," said the good-natured carrier.

"Fwat's that?" asked Mrs. Mulvaney.

"A registered letter," repeated the carrier, wearily.

"'Tis offishle it bees, Mrs. Mulvaney," volunteered Mr. Maguire, the superannuated licensed vendor, who was smoking his clay pipe in the hallway: "'tis the Governor nint an' the Judisherry an' the Police an' the Dispensary offishles as sen's them things; sure, I had wan wanst, whin I forgot to pay me license."

"Oh, millia murthur!" wailed Mrs. Mulvaney, with startling suddenness: "an fwat have I done to have disgrace t'rown upon me, an' me the mother of eleven?" Her apron went over her head, by way of sackcloth, and her choked lamentations came from under it: "Oh, Katy, the mother I've been to ye, an' ye to bring shame on the name of Mulvaney! Sure, no wan would never have thought it, ne'er a time! 'Tis ahl along o' thim picnics, an' the foreign Dutchmin from Italy infestin' the ward, so it is! Fwat have ye done—fwat have ye done! An' ne'er a Mulvaney was iver in coort, forbye th' ould mon, and him only whin he clared out the saloon on the Square, which 'twas bilin' he was, an' of a New Year's, like a gentleman should, and the boss come down himself an' bailed him out, and give s'curity! An' a daughter of mine to be brought to the likes of this—a register letter—O, Mary, save us!"

By this time there was a crowd of sympathizing women about Mrs. Mulvaney, trying to console her in seventeen different brogues. Mrs. McGarrahan, who was a trifle under one hundred years old, and who keened at all the old-time wakes in the ward, took the lead.

"Sure she do not understand it, dear soul, she do not. 'Tis an ahner the governint does ye, dear. 'Tis no suppenny—'tis a diplomy, more like. Cheer up, there's a darlint! Sure," she explained to the postman: "Katy's the good girrl, so she is, an' tis into the fact'ry in Broome Street she works, an' brings home her wages regular, an' niver the wurrd said agin her, barrin' the young min is ahl asther her, an' proud her mother should be of that same, for she bein' a dacint—"

"Say," interrupted the carrier: "who's going to sign for that letter? I can't wait here all day. Here's the receipt. Now, Mrs. Mulvaney, you sign this. Got a pen and ink?"

"Hould!" interjected Mr. Maguire: "I've got a pinsle. I ahlways corry a pinsle. 'Tis the way of a mon of business."



"Pencil won't do," said the carrier: "The rules of the office say this has got to be signed in ink."

"An' fware will I get the ink?" demanded Mrs. Mulvaney, drying the unnecessary tears from her eyes with her apron rolled over her arm: "Mulvaney's no poet, wid an inkstand under his arm."

"Dunno," said the postman: "Has n't one of these ladies got a bottle of ink?"

There was a silence.

"Sorra a bottle of ink in the house," said Mr. Maguire solemnly, gazing out upon the audience of children in the street: "barrin' me own."

"Well, fetch that then"—the postman was growing impatient.

"I had it whin I had me business, in siventy-eight," said Mr. Maguire, with undiminished solemnity: "an' I sold it out wid me chattels the mortgage was on."

The postman glared at Mr. Maguire for half a minute.

"But I kep' me pinsle," Mr. Maguire added, as he drew hard on his pipe, and leaned against the wall and looked back into the glorious past.

"Pencil won't do!" said the carrier: "now you've got to rustle around and get some ink. I can't stay here all day, and it's ink or no letter." And he leaned up against the wall opposite Mr. Maguire, and looked determined.

The crowd of sympathizers resolved itself into a committee of ways and means, and Mesdames Finnegan, Brophy and O'Toole were made a sub-committee with power to borrow the needful fluid. They set out bravely; but their quest was vain. The German tailor over the way declined to lend his ink, on the ground that the amount of the Irish trade which came his way was not commensurate with the accommodation demanded. The Hungarian proprietor of the next-door beer-saloon looked upon the request for the loan of his inkstand as an incendiary deliverance, covering a deep conspiracy against himself and his property, and he retreated into his back-room, under cover of Hungarian profanity. The French lady who did up lace curtains was out. In the end, it was Mrs. McGarrahan who came to the rescue with a ball of blueing half dissolved in a stone-china saucer, which yielded a fluid near enough to ink to satisfy the requirements of the government of the United States.

And when the poor patient postman, with a tooth-pick which he happened to have in his pocket, had written "Katy Mulvaney, by Honra Mulvaney (her mark")", and when Mrs. Mulvaney had traced her idea of a cross in the proper place, he marched off on his weary way, to be scolded, probably, at Station Z, for the delay caused by his complying with the most idiotic regulation ever issued by the United States Post-office.

Mrs. Mulvaney, and a select deputation from the crowd of sympathizers, took the letter up into the Mulvaney apartment, and laid it on the table. Then they sat around and looked at it.

"It's a proud girrl Katy'll be this day," said Mrs. McGarrahan: "there's nought less than a diplomy will be in that, ye mark me."

"I don't rightly know," ventured Mrs. Mulvaney, with a sense of timorous inferiority: "fwhat that'll be—a diplomy?"

"'Tis fwat they gits when they gits a job o' tachin' in the pooblic schools," replied Mrs. McGarrahan, lofty, but kindly.

"A gret rise from the fact'ry 'tis, to be sure!" said Mrs. Mulvaney, with bated breath.

It was seven o'clock when Katy Mulvaney got home from the "fact'ry." With rosy cheeks and wondering black eyes, she came into the circle of the expectant assembly like a vision of youth and beauty. The gathering was feminine, save for Mulvaney, who sat smoking in his chair, tipped back against the mantel-piece, proud, patronizing and placid.

"Open yer register letter, Katy," he said, with dignity, pointing to the table.

Katy opened her eyes wide, advanced nervously, and tore the envelope open.

"Fwat is it—there's a dear!—a diplomy?" chorussed the circle. But Mrs. Mulvaney had snatched the contents, and her wail arose.

"Luk fwat it is!" she cried, and held it up, while the others crowded around. It was a dirty, shop-worn Christmas card, left over from the holiday season. And across the person of a dyspeptic male angel was written:

from yur adoaror

M. finnegan.

Katy hid her blushing face in her hands, sank into a chair, and sobbed in mortified anguish. Her father rapped his pipe on the arm of his throne.

"Fwhin that Finnegan b'y sends ye another register letter," he said: "I'll register him wid me hod." H. C. B.



NOMENCLATURE.



HIS country is full of towns and villages whose names are so peculiar that jokes are poked at the people who live in them.

We all know that the man who makes his home in Michigan is called a Michiganander, and, we presume, his wife is known as a Michigoose, and his children as Michigoslings.

We think it would be a good idea to have a gazetteer made containing a set of names for the residents of all communities.

The native of Maplewood might be known as a Maplewoodchuck, the resident of Manayunk as a Manayunkster, the man from London as a Londonkey, and the denizen of Penn Yan as a Pennyyankee.

Louisville would be filled with Louisvillains, Toledo with Toledoughnuts, Buffalo with Buffalocusts, Catskill with Catskillets, Santa Barbara with Santa Barbarians, Columbus with Columbusters, Mexico with Mexicobras or Mexicocoanuts, Anglesea with Angleseagulls, Kinderhook with Kinderhooksandeyes, Pine Top with Pinetopknots, Wabash with Wabashibazouks, Pinnebog with Pinnebogtrotters.

The above are only a few samples. We think such a gazetteer would fill a long-felt want. And, in conclusion, we will say that it might be a good idea to change the name of New York to Pneumonica during the winter months.

PUCK'S PERSONALITIES.

HENRY BASKET, of Toronto, has fallen heir to eight million dollars from an uncle in France. If he is going to be a waste-basket, he can find an opening in this office.

GEO. W. SWAYNE advertises "The Riverside Longfellow." The Riverside Longfellow? Ah, yes; the alligator, to be sure.

EX-GOVERNOR ROBINSON, of Massachusetts, is to open a law office in Springfield on the expiration of his term of service, and the rumor that he and Cyrus W. Field were to start a railroad bond bucket-shop is stamped on.

AN OVERSIGHT.



RURAL LANDLORD (*to guest*).—By gum, mister, I forgot to tell ye last night that that winder don't shut down close, an' I see the snow 's drifted in, an' kivered yer clo'es up. I'll be up in a minute with a shovel, an' dig 'em out!

THE LAST COURSE WAS POOR.



"So you were at the public dinner?"

"Yes."

"Good dinner, of course?"

"All but the dessert."

"What did you have for dessert?"

"Evarts."

GEORGE WASHINGTON SIMS, who lives in Mountainbury, Ark., claims that he was born in 1777, but in spite of the perspicuity of Mr. Sims's parents in naming him, we are inclined to doubt his word.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRK.

WITH fingers that never knew toil,
With nose-tip swollen and red,
A delegate sat in his easy chair,
Eating the laborer's bread!

"Strike—strike—strike!"

Nor dare return to your work!"

* And still, with his swaggering, insolent air,
He sang the "Song of the Shirk!"

"Strike—strike—strike!"

Till the children are crying for bread!

Strike—strike—strike!

Till the roof is torn from your head!"

It is Oh! to have a king,

And dwell away over the sea,

Where Knights and bosses are still unknown,

If this is Liberty!

Shirk—shirk—shirk—

The duty we owe to man;

Shirk—shirk—shirk—

As only a delegate can!

Fine, and assessment, and due,

Due, and assessment, and fine,

Such is the stuff on which delegates live,

And swagger, and drink and dine!

"Strike—strike—strike!"

The delegate passed this way!

"Strike—strike—strike!"

He orders—you must obey!

And ask not the reason why,

Nor murmur against their decree,

For none must work when they say "No!"

In this country of the free!

Oh! men with children dear,

Oh! men with daughters and wives,

It is not the rich ye are starving out,

But your hungry children's lives!

Strike—strike—strike!

To please your masters still,

Ye are slaves to a band of plundering knaves,

Who will bleed you as long as ye will!

Shirk—shirk—shirk!

The duty you owe to man,

Shirk—shirk—shirk!

As only a delegate can!

It is strange that laborers choose

As champions of their cause,

Men who never were known to use

Anything save their jaws!

E. FRANK LINTABER.



A SUMMER IDYLL

PUCK.



DYLL FOR MIDWINTER.

A GREAT CONVENIENCE.



SHE (en route for the Lyceum Theatre).—When we reach the theatre, Charley, I want to step into the room provided for the removal of bonnets a moment.

HE.—Are you going to remove yours?

SHE.—No; but I want to straighten it up a little.

WASHINGTON "SPECIALS."

THE relative importance of Washington news topics, as viewed by a recently-developed variety of correspondents, is shown by the following extracts from the *New York Simperer*:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15th.—(Special.)—The Inter-State Commerce Bill is regarded favorably here, and the chances are that it will pass.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15th.—(Special.)—Mrs. Cleveland's dog has a companion now—a mischievous little monkey, which affords great amusement to the White House people. The monkey and the dog became friends the first day they met, and formed a conspiracy against the Maltese cat, which excited jealousy on account of the partiality with which it has been treated lately. This morning a saucer of milk was given to the cat. While the servant's back was turned, the conspirators nodded significantly at each other, and the monkey went over and started a quarrel with the Maltese. During the snarling, the dog drank half the milk. Then Hector joined in the fuss, and while he and the cat were tussling, the monkey cleaned out the saucer. The act has excited some indignation in the White House circle, and the general opinion is that Hector and his friend were unjustifiably jealous. Your correspondent has investigated the affair with the utmost care, and can assert positively that the Maltese was treated impartially by its mistress, and did nothing to deserve such shameful treatment from the poodle and his fellow-conspirator. (Here follows a half-column of testimony on this point, the whole concluding with an eulogy of the Maltese.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16th.—(Special.)—The River and Harbor Bill has been completed in Committee. It is a rather small affair this year.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16th.—(Special.)—A messenger boy was seen yesterday entering the White House with a box of cigars under his arm. Your correspondent, always on the alert, determined to find out for whom that box was destined. After many inquiries, and a great deal of contention with the White House flunkies, it was ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the cigars were in-

tended for the President. Further investigation revealed the following facts:

The President smokes twenty-five cent cigars. He cuts off the end of a cigar before putting it in his mouth.

He lights it before smoking.

He holds it between his fingers, or lays it on his desk while not actually puffing.

He knocks off the ashes occasionally.

He throws the cigar away when it is half used up.

Your correspondent endeavored to find out what becomes of the stumps; but his investigations came to naught. (Here follows a long disquisition on what *might have* become of the stumps.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17th.—(Special.)—The Pacific Railroad Funding Bill will come up soon. There is a great deal of talk about it here.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17th.—(Special.)—Everybody at the capital is discussing the question whether or not Mrs. Cleveland was standing at one of the Blue Room windows last evening. A gentleman who is on familiar terms with the White House occupants assured your correspondent that he distinctly saw Mrs. Cleveland at the window as he passed through the grounds just after department hours. (Following is a detailed interview with the gentleman.)

It must be stated, however, that other persons, of equal reputation for veracity, who passed through the grounds at the same time, assert positively that no one was at the Blue Room windows. The consensus of opinion here favors the latter assertion; still there are so many who claim to have seen Mrs. Cleveland at the window that it is impossible for a disinterested person to form a conclusion about the matter. It is hoped that the mists of doubt may be cleared up to-morrow.

W. L. RIORDON.

It is alleged that cigar-makers, to get even with their bosses for personal grievances, sometimes entwine hairs among the cigars to destroy the taste of the weed. The only comment we have to make is, that the fraternity must be eternally in trouble over something or other.

AN HONEST PHYSICIAN.



CONVALESCENT (to doctor).—Now that I am on the road to recovery, doctor, I think you may as well send in your bill.

PHYSICIAN.—Not yet, sir. I want to avoid any risk of a relapse.

PUCK.

TEXT AND COMMENT.

TEXT.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW is right.

THE WORKINGMEN HAVE A GRIEVANCE. WE DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT IT IS; THEY CAN NOT CLEARLY EXPRESS IT; BUT IT EXISTS.

—*The Christian Union.*

COMMENT.

Dr. Edward Aveling and his wife, Eleanor Marx Aveling, were brought from London by the National Executive Committee of the Socialistic Labor party, to spread Socialistic doctrines in America. William Liebknecht, who is a member of the German Reichstag, was brought over also, but did not make so extended a tour. The Avelings returned on Christmas Day to London.

Their bills were considered at a meeting of the Socialistic Labor party yesterday, in Clarendon Hall. Among the items were \$50 for cigars for Dr. Aveling, and a smaller amount for cigarettes for Mrs. Aveling. The theatre managers in other towns where he lectured had not, it appeared, been any more polite to Dr. Aveling than they were here. He put in a bill for \$100 for theatre tickets. It took \$26 worth of stamps to carry on correspondence with the National Executive Board. Wine and board for the two in Baltimore were charged at \$42. When these items were read out yesterday there were fierce denunciations of the lecturers.

"Corsage bouquets, \$25," one Socialist woman cried out. "Why, I have lived one month on that. What have bouquets to do with Socialism?"

Altogether, Dr. Aveling received \$1,300 during his 13 weeks' tour from the National Executive Committee for expenses.

The bills considered yesterday were outside of this. When Dr. Aveling departed he claimed that the committee owed him \$500. He had received \$100 from Herman Walther to pay his expenses back to London. From the expressions of the speakers yesterday, it was doubtful if he will ever be able to collect this \$500. There were three hours of speeches on this topic, and very nearly two hours more on a suggestion of Dr. Aveling that all the Socialists had better join the Knights of Labor.

"We won't join the Knights of Labor," one of the speakers cried out. "We are heartily sick of the Knights of Labor. We will stand by ourselves and care for ourselves. We do not care to be sold like sheep in the shambles."

The meeting was adjourned to January 22.

—*N. Y. Sun*, January 10th, 1887.

IF THE papers don't let up on Dr. McGlynn, he will soon get desperate and pounce down upon us from the lecture platform.

Our Country Home has quite an article on the Potato Disease. We suppose the Irish become addicted to the potato until it gets to be a habit, like the opium and pie habits. If England has any kindly regard left for Ireland, she ought to take steps for the amelioration of those suffering from this fell malady.

It is intimated that England will not allow Major Burke's "Gate City Guard" to enter her territory under arms. Our people mustn't think anything of this; England has had so many severe shocks in her time, that she is a little nervous, that's all.



We have just received from G. P. Putnam's Sons, "Chivalric Days," by E. S. Brooks. We should go Mr. Brooks one better on the strength of his performance, and call them "Red Letter Chivalric Days," for he has succeeded in making a book that most boys will like, even before a toy-pistol or a ticket for the circus. The stories are all historical, and combine instruction with amusement. If we had a hundred and fifty children, each one of them should have a copy of this delightful book.

"The Sabbath for Man" is the title of a recent book. But we don't want it. Izaak Walton is good enough for us.

Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, who is widely known as the editor of "Through the Year with the Poets," which delightful series is now complete and selling like hot cakes, can also write a sonnet to his lady's eyebrow, when he is feeling well. For several years he has been occasionally bursting into song, and these song-bursts have turned out so satisfactorily, that Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston, felt justified in crawling to Mr. Adams on their hands and knees, and supplicating for permission to book them. Mr. Adams kindly answered their prayer, and the result is "Poet Laureate Idyls and Other Poems." It would be cruel and unjust to Mr. Adams and his publishers to say more here. We will simply remark, with the poet, *verbum sap*, and advise the reader of this to send a dollar to Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., for a copy.

"Footprints in the Forest," by Edward S. Ellis, is the latest addition to the "Log Cabin Series," published by Messrs. Porter and Coates, Philadelphia. This is a graceful Indian tale, and ought to be bound in red-skin. Floriculturally speaking, it is a daisy. Poetically, it is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Any boy who wants something better than X-mas and Fourth of July put together, should get a copy of "Footprints in the Forest."

"She," the heroine, or main figure in Rider Haggard's story, or rather, "History of Adventure," is represented as having lived and flourished before Christ. It seems strange that the creature of to-day, in conversing with her, never asks a solitary question about the ballet of the time when she was young.

We have officially notified by our friends, Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann, that PUCK'S ANNUAL will be out about the latter part of this month, bracing up the constitutions of the people who can not afford the luxury of a trip South. It will not contain a line of reprint matter, but will be original from cover to cover, and will contain more pictures than you can laugh at in a month. It will consist of sixty-four pages, PUCK size, and every page will ripple with fun and bloom with pictures. Such a parterre of deathless gems has never before been offered to the American public for twenty-five cents.

Try it for luck
And you won't be stuck.

PUCK.

NOTHING SERIOUS.



"Yes, children, there is a great coolness in this family; but it's entirely physical, and can only be lessened when they take out that mock-grate and put up a stove. The above represents them just as they have turned to warm the other side."

MR. KEELY has discovered another potent force. This time, perhaps, it is the mighty power which keeps the motor from moving.

"YOU CAN not eat your cake, and have it, too," observed the Genii to Aladdin, adding significantly: "you have eaten your cake."

"Then," said Aladdin, imperiously: "let me have somebody else's cake, at once."

THE ORIGINAL signification of the word "candidate" is "pure, spotless." In view of this fact, the recent announcements that Mr. James G. Blaine is no longer a candidate are very well timed. His friends have not lost faith in their favorite's political future. They have simply been looking with childish candor into Mr. Webster's Big Dictionary—that is all.

JAY GOULD has been to church six Sundays in succession. And the recording angel is getting in a little fine work with his ink-eraser.

GOVERNOR ALGER, of Michigan, gave four hundred and eighty-seven suits of clothes to Detroit newsboys, and Baxter Street is wildly jealous over the boom in second-hand clothes in the Northwest. At last accounts, only one newsboy had not disposed of his gift, and he was hunting around for a pawnshop.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., better known as the home of Henry Watterson, and the star-eyed Goddess of Reform, is now the only city on the American continent which retains that good old custom of having pie for breakfast.

PATTI LOST her voice in Mexico; but somebody will find it for her before she gets back to New York.

MABEL'S MUFF.

WEE ruffs of jetty laces
At either portal stir;
Oh! such a charming place is
Her scroll of glossy fur,
That Cupid it might stand in
Or slumber on a ruff;
Nor would she thrust her hand in
To push him from her muff.

When in the wintry weather
I walk along with her,
Her lips and cheeks together
She buries in the fur;
But when I say caresses
Are wasted on the stuff,
My hand she slyly presses
Or taps me with her muff.

I know that Mabel loves me
Because she chides me so;
So when my darling gloves me
I can't but like the blow;
But I seem chilled completely
And vow that 't was a cuff;
And she says, smiling sweetly:
"You're such a darling muff."

And what care I if strangers
Look on this girl of mine,
Since they must see her dangers
Which such as I divine.
But no device could harm her,
For is it not enough
That Mabel is my charmer
And I am Mabel's muff?

DEWITT STERRY.

BROKEN DOWN.



"James," said a crockery dealer to his clerk: "how is our stock of Dresden dinner-plates, full, or is it broken?"

Just then the step-ladder, upon which the clerk was standing, tilted, and down he came, accompanied by flying dinner-plates.

"Broken, sir," said James amid the wreck.

NEW YEAR'S bills for 1887 are cut high in the neck and button tight about the throat.

THE CAMPBELL divorce case is to be tried again. These Camels ought to join the innumerable caravan.

WHEN TENNYSON writes that poem to Battenberg's baby, he will please the people of England if he begins to sing: "Royalty to right of them, royalty to left of them, royalty on top of them, more than six hundred," or words to that effect.

MR. POWDERLY is beset with difficulties, but he is meeting them with a heroism born of five thousand dollars a year.

GEORGE JONES has just been sentenced to death. It might be well to add that he lives in Oakland, Cal.

OUIDA WILL try to write a moral novel; but the Chicago man who tried to eat a quail a day for a month failed.

A PASSAGE IN Lord Macaulay's famous essay on Warren Hastings reads something like the following: "What the sting is to the bee, what the horns are to the buffalo, what love, according to the old Greek song, is to woman, so are Virginia Brights to the intelligent cigarette smoker." Lord Macaulay was a great man! ¹¹¹

The Improved Hickok Calcium Burner is coming into general use. It is said to give a wonderful light.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 140 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

PUCK.

THE potter stood at his daily work
One patient foot on the ground;
The other with a never-slacking speed,
Turning his swift wheel round.
Silent we stood beside him there,
Watching the restless knee,
Till my friend said low in pitying voice,
"How tired his foot must be!"

The potter never paused in his work
Shaping the wondrous thing;
'Twas only a common flower-pot,
But perfect in fashioning.
Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired;
"No, marm, it is n't the foot that kicks—
The one that stands gets tired!"

—Unknown Exchange.

ANXIOUS MILLIONAIRE.—Then, sir, I have
your consent to pay my addresses to your
daughter. Ah! if I only thought I could win
her affection!

EAGER FATHER.—Why not, my dear sir, why
not? Plenty of others have succeeded.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

HUSBAND.—What are you reading, my dear?
WIFE.—A long letter from mother.

HUSBAND.—Has she anything in particular
to say?

WIFE.—I don't know. I have n't got to the
postscript yet.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy.
Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists. 723

W. A. GOODENOUGH, OF THE GOODENOUGH
Co., 158 East 25th Street, New York City, states that
in October, 1884, he suffered so with pneumonia that his physi-
cians advised him to leave this severe climate, which he did. In
the following year, 1885, he was taken with another attack and
feared he would have to go away again and give up business,
but by advice he tried Adamson's Balsam, which has entirely
cured him. It is with his permission we publish this.

Kin-man's 25th Street, and 4th Avenue.

Angostura Bitters is known as the great regulator of the
digestive organs all over the world. Have it in your house. Ask
your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by
Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

The Subscription-Price of PUCK is
FOUR DOLLARS PER YEAR.

GERMAN LIEDERKRANZ.

34th Annual Masquerade Ball,
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE,
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10TH, 1887.

Tickets \$10, admitting gentleman and one lady. [Additional
ladies' ticket \$3.] Can be had by introduction of:
JULIUS HOFFMANN - - - - 12 Broadway.
WM. VIGELIUS - - - - 175 Pearl Street.
HUGO SCHUMANN, Germ. Fife, 179 Broadway.
EMIL UNGR - - - - 50 Park Place.
EDWARD UHL - - - - N. Y. Staats-Zeitung.
JOHN VON GLAHR - - - - 54 Bond Street.
RICHARD H. ADAMS - - - - 495 Broadway.
EMIL & AMERND - - - - 205 3rd Avenue.
H. C. F. KOCH, Cor. 20th Street and 6th Ave.
WILHELM & GRIEP - - - - 1141 Broadway.
Boxes and Tickets of WILLIAM STEINWAY, 111 East 14th Street.

BEYOND COMPARISON.

Our Imported and Domestic Stock of
KERSEYS, MELTONS, ASTRACHANS, etc.,
for
MEDIUM and HEAVY WEIGHT OVERCOATS.
Made up in the most fashionable style. To order from \$18.

Endless Variety of
CASSIMERES, WORSTEDS, HOMESPUNS, etc.,
for
DRESS and BUSINESS SUITS.

To order from \$20.
Trousers " " \$5.

Samples and Self Measurement Rules mailed on
application.

Nicoll
the Tailor.

145, 147, 149 Bowery,
and

771 Broadway, Corner Ninth Street.

A Teaspoonful of

Fred: ♦

♦ Brown's ♦
♦ Ginger,

with hot water and sugar (if

it suits taste,)

Satisfies Thirst,
Sustains Strength,
Aids Digestion, and
at night, by causing
a healthy action
of the Skin, induces
Sleep. * Try it.

FRED: BROWN'S GINGER.

PHILADELPHIA.

CANDY Send one, two, three or five dollars
for a retail box, by express, of the best
Candies in the World, put up in hand-
some boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable
for presents. Try it once.

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
78 Madison St., Chicago.

ESTABLISHED 1818.
Nine Gold and First-Class Medals.
PURVEYOR BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS TO THE
ROYAL DANISH COURT, IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT,
AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PETER F. HEERING'S
COPENHAGEN CHERRY CORDIAL.
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INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.
FOR SALE BY WINE MERCHANTS AND GROCERS
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ALLCOCK's are the only genuine
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A sure cure for Chapped Hands.

Though a "Shaving Soap," it is unequalled for the Toilet. For
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Manufacturers for 50 years of "GENUINE YANKEE" and
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"HOME EXERCISER" for Brain Workers and
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durable, comprehensive, and complete. "HOME
SCHOOL FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE."

D. L. Dowd, Wm. Blaikie, author of "How

to Get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any
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POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION

Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Re-
moves all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For
sale by all first-class druggists, or mailed for 50 cts.
in stamps, by

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To a small cupful of
MOLASSES
 or strained HONEY
 add 2 Teaspoonfuls
 of
PERRY DAVIS'
PAIN KILLER
 and take often
 1/4 Teaspoonful of
 the mixture & you
WILL CURE
 your COUGH
 or COLD.
Pain Killer
 also cures
 Sore Throat and
 Diphtheria.

A WANT SUPPLIED.

Where Bilious diseases prevail there has long been felt the need of a medicine that would act specifically on the Liver, be safe from bad after effects, and yet so simple that it might be used by any one. Dr. Tutt's Pills supply this want. No family should be without them.

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Tutt's Liver Pills
ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS.**CONSUMPTION.**

I have a positive remedy for the above disease: by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give Ex. & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St. N.Y.

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Its causes, and a new and successful CURE at your own home, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. Cured himself in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application.

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NOT A PASTICLE PAIN
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Price, Twenty-Five Cents. For Sale Everywhere.

EARLY, open-air cucumber,
 Grown on far-off Ponchartrain,
 Blessings on thee without number,
 Flourish long thy tender reign;
 Ne'er a hot-house nursing to thee
 Can approach in succulence,
 Hither, prithee, let me woo thee
 With an appetite immense!

From the land of pompano
 Red-eyes, crabs and dainty fishes,
 Thou art come to land of snow
 Like a dream of tropic dishes,
 Fairy form, robed all in green,
 Ribbed in satin's lustrous sheen,
 Early, open-air cucumber,
 Blessings on thee without number!

Philadelphia News.

WOMAN (*to tramp*).—You might saw a little wood for that nice dinner.

TRAMP (*reproachfully*).—Madam, you ought not to throw temptation in the way of a poor man.

WOMAN.—Temptation?

TRAMP.—Yes, madam. If I were to saw some wood, the chances are I would carry off the saw. I'm an honest man now, and I want to stay so.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

LITTLE CHICAGO GIRL.—Why, your windows are nothing but common glass.

LITTLE OMAHA GIRL.—Well, what's yours?

"French plate, 'most an inch thick."

"I don't see why you want such thick glass as that. What is it for?"

"To keep the smoke out."—*Omaha World*.

War Ahead.

There is great danger of war with Mexico in the near future, but at present we can pursue the arts of happiness, prosperity and wealth. Wherever you live, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information about work that you can do, and live at home, earning thereby from \$5 to \$50 and upwards daily. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. Capital not required; you are started free. All is new; both sexes. All ages. Pay, as above guaranteed, from first start

A WORD ABOUT CALENDARS.

There are Calendars and Calendars, big and little, good, bad, and indifferent, useful and ornamental, high-priced, low-priced, and no price at all. But for a substantial, practical Calendar, especially suitable for business offices, etc., with figures that can be read across a large room; and that will hang on the wall in **Good Shape** from January to December, few will mind paying **25 cents**. This just about covers cost and postage for the one issued by **N. W. AYER & SON**, Newspaper Advertising Agents, Times Building, Philadelphia.

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Choice Patterns and Best Quality,

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Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a **LARGE PERCENTAGE** of GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

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A handsomer and more readable, low-price, illustrated, family magazine than this

**LITTLE GIANT,
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was never published. Each number is brimful of the brightest short stories and sketches, the most interesting travels and adventures, and the liveliest brief articles on science, literature, history, political economy, etc., that money can procure. The ablest writers in America and Europe contribute to its pages. Its illustrated articles and full-page engravings are the finest published.

THE YOUNG FOLKS

is a department of short stories, sketches, etc., etc., for the younger members of the family; while

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is devoted to articles by competent writers on fashion, etiquette, cooking, the care of the house, the management of children, etc. It is the only Magazine that never contains long and tedious articles, and that can be read from the first page to the last with unabated interest by everybody.

The subscription price is \$2.50 per year, with either the Shannon Letter and Bill File or the Shannon Sheet-Music Binder (price \$2.25 each) free to every subscriber. The former is indispensable to all business men, physicians, clergymen, lawyers, housekeepers and farmers. The latter is invaluable to all persons having sheet music. Read full description in previous issue.

FEATURES FOR THE YEAR 1887.

Arrangements have been made for beautifully illustrated articles on Asia Minor, Japan, Mexico, Constantinople, the Palaces of France, Italy and Austria, the Lighthouse Service, California, etc. As there is a great and growing interest in Russian literature, THE COSMOPOLITAN will contain translations from such writers as Count Tolstoi, Th. Dostoevsky and M. Gogol. The stories from the French and German will be the finest written. Everybody will want to read "**Signor Io**," the most charming and deliciously humorous story ever published. The scientific, literary and historical articles will be of great and permanent value.

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The Physician's Favorite
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

Leading Physicians of all Schools and
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The Most NOURISHING, the Most PALATABLE,
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EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and
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An excellent aperitif tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Ulcers, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Human Organs. A few drops imparts delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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STOMACH BITTERS,
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A pure, wholesome whiskey. Recommended for medical and family use. \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12 and \$15 per case. \$2.50, \$3, \$4, \$5 and \$6 per gallon. Packed in plain or branded case, as ordered and shipped to all parts of the United States. Send P. O. order, or send C. O. D. if desired. CHILDS & CO., Proprietors and Sole Agents, 543 and 545 10th Ave., New York City. A discount to dealers if ordered in large quantities. ⁹⁸

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BUDWEIS LAGER BEER

from this Brewery is particularly adapted to Export in Barrels as well as in Bottles. Its keeping qualities are unsurpassed. We also recommend our

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. There is no reason for me not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.

Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 182 Pearl St., New York.

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Print Your Own Cards!
PRESS, \$2; Circular size press, \$8; Newspaper size, \$4.
Type-setting easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for
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PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never
returns. No indolency. Neither
knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney
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SOMEWHERE on the
shores of Time, this country,
between January street
and December lane, a valuable year, containing a
diary for 1886, written up
to the third page; a suit
of summer clothes, much
worn and slightly bent at
the knees; a long catalogue
of Good Resolutions, mostly
in bad repair and many
of them hopelessly broken; a
large number of Bright
Anticipations, slightly tar-
nished, but good for an-
other year; several secret
pockets containing Dis-
appointments, Heartaches,
Cares, Perplexities and
Troubles of various kind
and degree; a large cut-
glass Tear Jug, quite full;
a few Hopes, several of
which are Blasted; a hand-
ful of Duns, ditto; a per-
fect crazy-quilt of Peni-
tence; a variety of Cor-
rections and Chastenings,
quite sore to the touch, and
to be handled with care;
some Wearisome Nights
and a few Months of Van-
ity; a wee little line of non-
pareil Wisdom and a half-
column display of full-face
Folly; a great deal of Vex-
ation and some Crooked
Things that can not be
made Straight; some Pleasant
Words that are sweeter
than honeycomb; some
scraps of a Feast and many
indications of a Famine;
an abundant Seed-
Time, scanty ploughing
and a Meager Harvest; a
thousand Temptations and
one Victory; a mole-hill
of Pride and a precipice
of Fall; a Rod, bearing
evidences that it had "got
onto" the back of the Fool
it was made for; a score of
Punishments and a Thou-
sand Mercies. The name
of the loser will at once be
revealed by the contents of
it, and, if the finder will
kindly return the Year, he
is cordially welcome to
keep the contents for him-
self.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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Pears' SOAP

The purest
best for the skin
& most economical in use

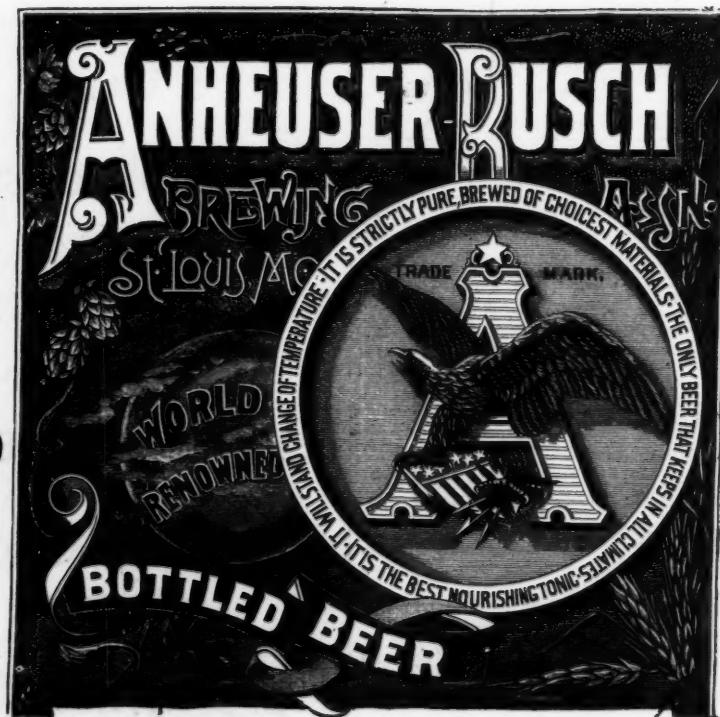
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SOAPMAKERS BY SEALED APPOINTMENT
To H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES.

PEARS' SOAP—The Great English Complexion Soap—is sold throughout the United States and in all other parts of the world, and its praises are heard and echoed everywhere.

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THE IMPROVED HICKOK CALCIUM BURNER.

Gives a light of 60 candle power, equal to seven common burners, and will fit any ordinary lamp. This burner has been much improved during the past year, and we can now guarantee it to be the best lamp burner in the world. It gives a larger light than any other burner and equal to four student lamps. As a reading light it has no equal. Once used becomes indispensable. Price, Burner and Chimney, \$1.25.

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Health is better than riches. For Coughs, Colds, and all Throat and Lung troubles. A preventive of Consumption. This celebrated remedy is prepared by the grandson of JOHN PEASE, the originator of Horehound Candy, and has no equal. A trial bottle will convince any one of this fact. Price, 25c. and \$1. pocket flask, 50c. Ask your druggists for (full name) Pease's Honey, Horehound, Licorice and Tar, or send price to General Depot, at old stand, 62 & 64 Division St.

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And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs.

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Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

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Puck Building, New York.

"My son," said the old man, as he blotted the check and passed it over: "you are going out to begin the battle of life."

"Yes, father."

"Go firmly resolved not to cheat, lie, indulge in false pretences, or use underhand measures."

In about three months a ragged, hungry, weary young man ascended the steps of the family mansion, and the father exclaimed:

"Why, William, what has happened?"

"Did business according to your injunctions, and have n't got a red cent," replied William, as he hung his hat on the old familiar peg.—*Wall Street News.*

A SCIENTIST says that when the earth stops revolving on its axis, there will be perpetual day in one part of the world and perpetual night in the other. It will be mighty disastrous to our gas and electric light companies, when that period arrives, if they should happen to find themselves located in that part of the earth where it is perpetual day. To prevent an immediate fall in stocks it should be added that it will be more than 6,000,000,000 years before the earth stops revolving.—*Norristown Herald.*

HUSBAND.—My dear, that is a long motto you are working.

WIFE.—Yes, John.

He reads on it:

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

"Is it to be hung in the vestibule of the church, my dear?"

"No, John, I'll hang it on the chandelier in the hall."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

PENSION AGENT (taking papers from clerk).—Did this man take part in the war?

CLERK.—Yes, sir.

AGENT.—What part?

CLERK.—All he could get, sir. He was a sutler.—*Washington Critic.*

How many a home has been robbed of sunshine and happiness and rendered sad and desolate by the loss of some dear and petted child. This is a dangerous season for children, and parents should keep Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup handy. Price, 25 cents.

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Forms of the last page are closed Thursday at 5 P. M.

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CUTICURA is the great SKIN CURE, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beutifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, invariably succeed when all other remedies and the best physicians fail.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers, free from poisonous ingredients.

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Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

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STRONGEST, MOST DURABLE & SWIFTEST.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
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THE IMPROVED DICE THROWING CIGAR CUTTER.

The improvement consists of a New Automatic Movement, and an improved Knife, making the Cutter, as it now stands, a PERFECT MACHINE. It is made of hard metal and sent (free of expense) to any part of the United States on receipt of \$1.25. References given from New York, Chicago or Cincinnati. Special prices for wholesale trade.

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BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

Delicious, Nourishing, Absolutely Pure.
Costing less than one cent a cup.

THE LATEST NOVELTY.

Handsome, Durable and Easily Adjusted (no Harness). Made to fit all Round, Square or Sloping Shoulders. The silk lacing avoids all straining on the shoulders or trousers. The most comfortable suspender ever introduced. Carpenter's Automatic Lace Back-Brace, for sale by all first class dealers in Men's Furnishing Goods. Patented in England, France, Canada and the United States.

C. C. Carpenter, Patentee & Maker.

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Gold Medal Paris Exposition—1878.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

the popular favorite for dressing the hair, restoring color when gray, and preventing dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORMS.

The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, &c. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Never fails to cure. 15 cents at Druggists.

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BETWEEN TWO POPES.



J. Ottmann, Lib., Rock Building, N. Y.